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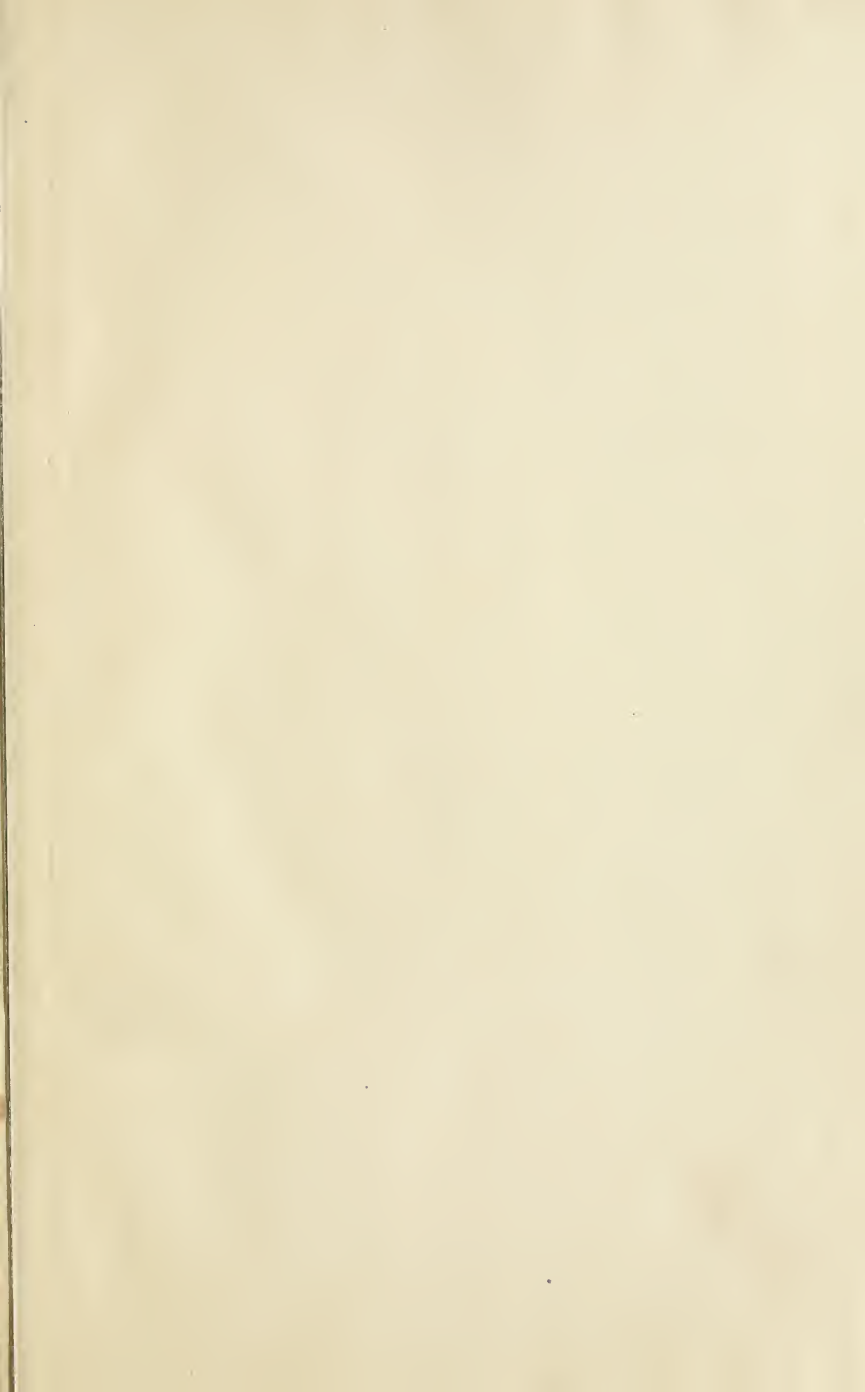
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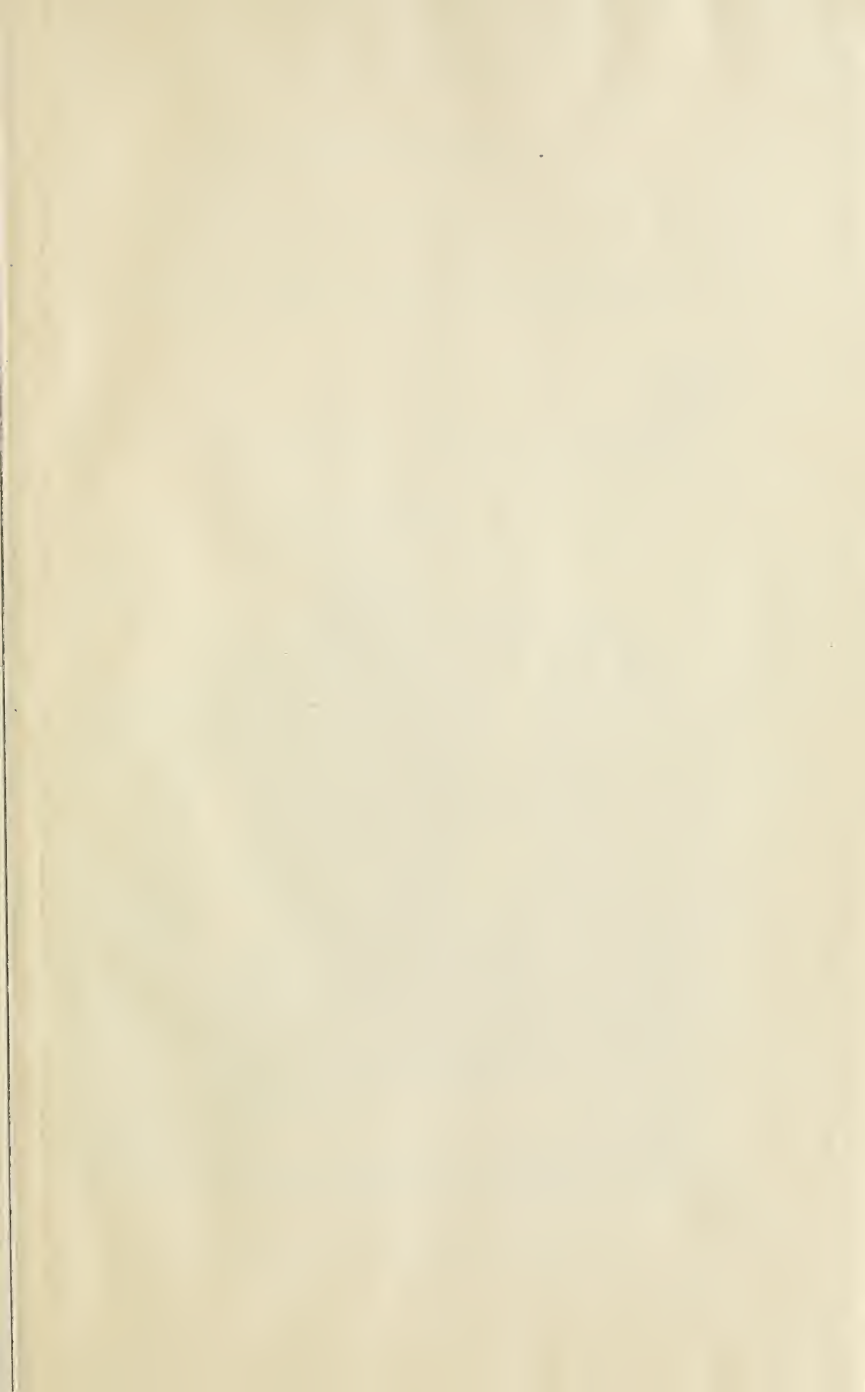


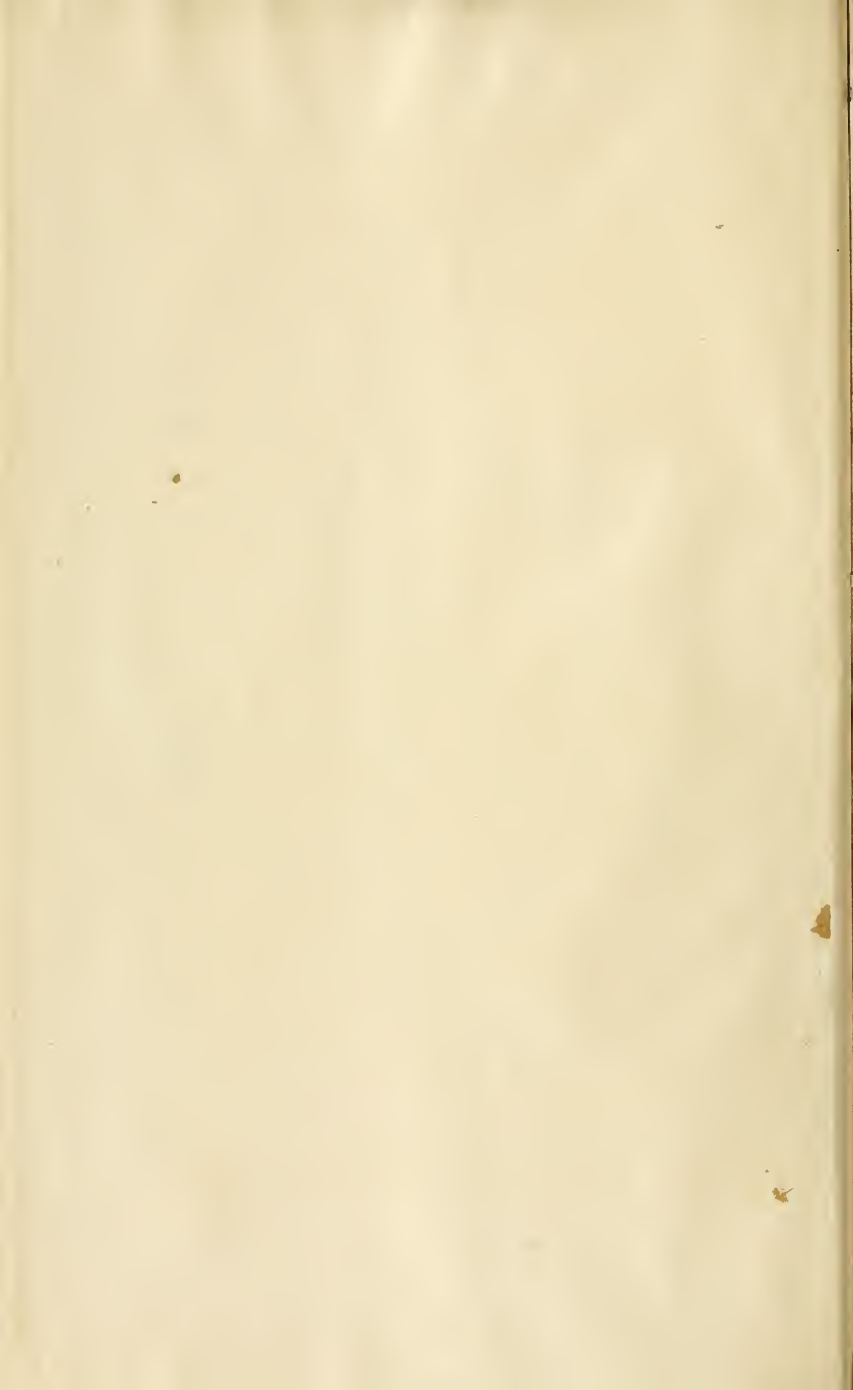
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A BRIEF REVIEW
OF THE
CAREER, CHARACTER & CAMPAIGNS
OF
ZACHARY TAYLOR.

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PLEASE CIRCULATE.

(Look out for the Postmasters! Most of these officers are upright and honorable men, but there are some who will suppress "the documents," so far as they can with impunity. Inquire for your neighbors, and see that all political matter intended for them gets into their hands. Let all true Republicans be vigilant and active, and the People will shortly give another Buena Vista reception to the cohorts of radicalism.)

GEN. TAYLOR'S ACCEPTANCE OF THE WHIG NOMINATION.

Governor Morehead's letter to General Taylor.

PHILADELPHIA, June 10, 1848.

DEAR SIR: At a Convention of the Whigs of the United States, held in this city on the 7th instant, and continued from day to day until the 9th, you were nominated as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States at the ensuing Presidential election.

By a resolution of said Convention it was made the duty of their President to communicate to you the result of their deliberations, and to request your acceptance of the nomination.

In obedience to said resolve, I, as the organ therein designated, have the honor to make to you the foregoing communication, and to ask your acceptance of the nomination.

Permit me, dear sir, to indulge the hope that he who never shrinks from any responsibility, nor fails to discharge any duty assigned him by his Government, will not now refuse the enthusiastic call of his countrymen.

I am, dear sir, with sentiments of very high regard, your most obedient servant,

J. M. MOREHEAD,

President of the Whig National Convention.

General ZACHARY TAYLOR.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S REPLY.

BATON ROUGE, (LA.) July 15, 1848.

SIR: I have had the honor to receive your communication of June 10th, announcing that the Whig Convention, which assembled at Philadelphia on the 7th of that month, and of which you were the presiding officer, has nominated me for the office of President of the United States.

Looking to the composition of the Convention, and its numerous and patriotic constituency, I feel deeply grateful for the honor bestowed upon me, and for the distinguished confidence implied in my nomination by it to the highest office in the gift of the American people.

I cordially accept that nomination, but with a sincere distrust of my fitness to fulfil the duties of an office which demands for its exercise the most exalted abilities and patriotism, and which has been rendered illustrious by the greatest names in our history. But, should the selection of the Whig Convention be confirmed by the people, I shall endeavor to discharge the new duties then devolving upon me, so as to meet the just expectations of my fellow citizens, and preserve undiminished the prosperity and reputation of our common country.

I have the honor to remain, with the highest respect, your most obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

To the Hon. J. M. MOREHEAD,
Greensboro', Guilford county, North Carolina.

A REVIEW
OF THE
CAREER, CHARACTER AND CAMPAIGNS
OF
ZACHARY TAYLOR.

[Republished from the North American and United States Gazette, Philadelphia.]

HIS EARLY HISTORY.

THE presentation of the name of General TAYLOR as a candidate for the high office of President of the United States, and the unusual circumstances attending his nomination, with its cordial acceptance by so large a portion of the people, as a candidate free from any of those ultra party pledges so usually exacted from competitors for lofty public positions, render it equally interesting and important to understand the whole inner framework and nature, the mind, the character, the principles, private and public, of a man whom overwhelming public sentiment seems already to have pointed out as the next Chief Magistrate of the Republic.

The best, the fullest, and the most satisfactory exposition of all these particulars, will be found in the simple narrative of some of the most important and brilliant achievements of his life. His qualities speak in his acts; and his acts have been always great ones: his spirit, his mind, his sentiments, both moral and political, his whole character, are expressed, with a grand lucidness, on what is now the recorded page of his country's history; and to those acts and that history we would commend all free citizens of the United States, who, before casting their votes in the approaching election, would know his qualifications and peculiar fitness to occupy worthily the chair once so beneficently filled by the Father of his Country.

The character of Taylor is one that both kindles the heart and satisfies the judgment. It opens scenes of glory, upon which every American can ponder with proud satisfaction; and with none the less approbation, that amid them all, the chief and ruling actor in every scene is a plain, calm, frank, unaffected, clear-headed, kind-hearted American citizen, who reconciles the lofty merits of the hero with the simple virtues of a true republican.

General Zachary Taylor comes from a sturdy and patriotic stock, worthy to give a President to the United States. His father, a son of the Ancient Dominion, a neighbor and friend of Washington, commanded one of the Virginia regiments during the Revolutionary war, through which he fought with honor. Before the Revolution, however, in his early youth, he had proved his courage, and the true American spirit of adventure, by exploring the forest mysteries of the great Mississippi Valley—then a howling wilderness, pastured by the buffalo, and roamed by the savage red man.

Leaving his brother surveying lands on the site of the present city of Louisville, where he was soon afterwards slain by the Indians, Richard, the bravest adventurer of the day, proceeded on a solitary expedition of discovery, westward, as far as the Mississippi river;

whence, it is said, entirely alone, he made his way safely back to Virginia, through the unknown wilds of Tennessee. At the close of the revolutionary struggle, in the year 1785, he went a second time to Kentucky, to revisit it, to pass his life among the scenes hallowed by his brother's blood. He went as an emigrant, with a wife and three children; of whom the youngest, born in Orange county, Virginia, on the 24th of November, 1784, and then less than a year old, was ZACHARY TAYLOR, a true child of the border, reared amid the perils, and privations, and severe labors of every kind which they encountered who, in that day, reclaimed the desert from the barbarian, and founded the institutions of freedom in the depths of the forest.

It was in this hardy school that Taylor acquired the education and qualities, the simple habits and manly virtues, which have, at length, lifted him up to view as one of the renowned men of the world, and commended him to the confidence of twenty millions of American freemen, as worthy to serve them, in the Executive chair, as the representative of their sovereignty. Where is the man to be found more worthy of the honor? Did the father, who so anxiously guarded his little family through the dangers of the "Wilderness Road" to Kentucky, or the mother who bore the youngest born in her arms, dream, in the fearful nightwatches of the woodland camp, that the helpless infant, slumbering on its bed of leaves, should, after the long interval of sixty-three years, humble the pride of Mexico at Buena Vista, and return from that field of fame, to rule, three years later, a mighty republic, which, at the early day of that journey, had no constitutional existence? No; it was that Providence alone, which foresees and directs the affairs of men, that prepared the extraordinary destiny of the little wanderer; and even President Madison, a relative of the family, when, in 1803, he sent a lieutenant's commission to Zachary, then a young Kentucky farmer, whose elder brother, Lieutenant Taylor, had just died in the army, only deemed that he had secured to the country the devoted service of another member of a patriotic family. Thirty-seven years more were yet to roll, before the eyes of men could be competent to read the horoscope of the young subaltern of the 7th regiment of United States infantry.

Lieutenant Taylor commenced service, under the command of General Wilkinson, at New Orleans; whence, having been prostrated by yellow fever, he was transferred to the Northwest, where he served, under General Harrison, up to the close of the war of 1812. It was in that year he was made a captain, and placed in charge of Fort Harrison, on the Wabash; where, commanding a petty garrison of fifty men, of whom two-thirds, and himself with them, were rendered nearly helpless by fever, (for it was a very unhealthy post,) surrounded and attacked by an overwhelming force of savages, he enjoyed the first opportunity of proving that his fate was a charmed one, and that it was his particular lot to fight, and prevail over, superior numbers. He never has gone into battle, except against the greatest odds: and he has never come out of battle except as a victor. Old Sylla, the famous Roman general, who was always victorious, believed that his prosperity arose from a special luck or good fortune; and he called himself *Felix*, the *Happy* or *Fortunate*. The same surprising success has, heretofore, always marked the career of Taylor; who, however, assumes no surname, but leaves all to his countrymen, who have already decided to call him—not Taylor, the Happy or Fortunate—but Taylor, the next President. We want a man of *happy* fortunes to preside over the affairs of the Republic. But let us observe how these happy fortunes began at Fort Harrison.

DEFENCE OF FORT HARRISON.

Fort Harrison was a mere stockade or block-house fort, designed for defence against Indians, containing barracks, store-rooms, a guard-house, &c., but without artillery, or any other better means of resisting a siege than muskets, and the determined resolution of a young commander, incapable of fear; and whose own sickness, with extreme bodily debility—the weakness, and, for a time, the consternation, of his force—the presence of terrified non-combatants—"nine women and children"—the number of his foes—the exposed position of the fort, remote from all succor—and, let us add, the recollection of a young wife and child, (for Taylor had married in 1810,) to whom his thoughts on that dreadful night, must often have wandered—failed to drive him from his balance. "My presence of mind," said the young captain, in his despatch to General Harrison, "did not for a moment forsake me." It was 11 o'clock, on the night of the 4th of September, 1812. Hostile Indians were around, in unknown numbers. Two young men had been shot and scalped, the evening before, at a little distance from the fort, and their bodies found and brought in that morning. In the evening a party of

thirty or forty Indians made their appearance, attempting the treacherous stratagem of a flag of truce—which did not, however, deceive the cautious Taylor—and proposing a conference next morning. Captain Taylor prepared for the pretended conference, by immediately inspecting the arms of his men, serving them with sixteen rounds of ammunition, and, setting a guard of “six privates and two non-commissioned officers,” all that he could, for he had only “ten or fifteen men able to do any thing at all, the others being sick or convalescent,” (we copy the words of his despatch,) and ordering one of the non-commissioned officers to make up for deficiencies in the guard by walking the rounds all night, “to prevent the Indians taking any advantage of us, provided they had any intention of attacking us.”

At 11 o'clock he was awakened by a musket shot, and, rushing from his bed, he discovered that the attack had been begun by “several hundred Indians”—that the fort was in flames—and that his men, overcome by the horror of their situation, and the shrieks of the women and children, were completely paralyzed by terror, so that two of them, and “two of the stoutest,” too, leaped the pickets, in an unavailing attempt to escape. In this desperate conjuncture every thing depended upon the courage and resources of a poor sick youth, who had never been in battle, but to whom, and to whom only, all looked for protection. Here, in this little beleaguered post, on that night of terror, flashed out the lineaments of that character which, lately shone so gloriously, with a matured grandeur, at Buena Vista. As calm, as resolute, as quick in expedients, as ready in their execution, the young Captain exhibited all the traits of the illustrious General. It was the flames which caused the panic; they were rapidly opening a pathway to the fierce besiegers; but it was a single block-house only which was on fire; and it was equally possible, as he perceived, to arrest the conflagration, and to provide a new barrier behind the burning block-house. The suggestion and the orders of Captain Taylor immediately inspired the soldiers with new life; “and never,” said he, “did men act with more firmness or desperation.” Some clambered to the roofs, throwing them off, amid showers of bullets and arrows, so as to intercept the flames, which were thus soon subdued; others wrought at a temporary breastwork, so that when the block-house fell, the savages found themselves repelled from its ashes by a new wall of defence “as high as a man’s head,” whence came the flash and balls of American rifles. In short, the Indians, fierce and numerous as they were, were baffled—repelled—defeated; and at six o'clock in the morning, abandoning their expected prey, they fled from the ruins of Fort Harrison, as the legions of Santa Anna fled, in after years, at Buena Vista, from the wrecks of the few shattered regiments and broken battalions which made up the petty, but invincible, army of him who saved Fort Harrison.

In both these battles, the first and the last, the smallest and the greatest, fought by Taylor, he displayed precisely the same qualities—calm fortitude, perfect equanimity, constant presence of mind, great caution, unconquerable resolution, and the secret power of imbuing his followers with his own courage—which made both, though fought under desperate circumstances, victories. We shall find these great military qualities exhibited during his whole military career; and we shall find other qualities, analogous though diverse, united and co-operating with them, under other circumstances, which combine to form the elements of a great character, equally adapted to the successful rule of an army and the administration of a State.

THE BATTLE OF OKEECHOBEE.

For twenty years succeeding the victory of Fort Harrison—that is, from 1812 to 1832—Zachary Taylor, though still serving in the army, may be said to have returned to the life, and resumed the habits, of a simple citizen. Fortune offered him no further opportunities of victory, because none of battle, during the remaining term of the British war; and, after that, came a long and happy period of profound peace, in which the Republic waxed in prosperity, and the duties of the soldier were to garrison posts, to watch the frontier, to open roads of communication in the newer States and Territories—employments presenting none of the aspects of war, and not altogether incompatible with the enjoyments of civil society and domestic happiness. Under such circumstances, and amid such avocations, General Taylor was always able to preserve unchanged the manly habits and natural traits of his early life; and the events of the Mexican war have made all aware that, even in the camp, the character of the citizen, in him, has never been lost in that of the military man.

The year 1832 was the period of the Black Hawk war, in which Taylor led a regiment in the battle of the Bad Axe—the only battle he has ever fought in which he did not command. From 1836 to 1840 he was in Florida, engaged in the Seminole contest, in which the decisive victory of Okeechobee, on the 25th of December, 1837, obtained for him his brevet of Brigadier General, and the conduct of the war, as commander of the Florida troops, during the two last years that he remained in the territory. We do not know that the battle of Okeechobee, though interesting enough from its fierce and sanguinary character, and the brilliant success that crowned it, and though pronounced by General Jesup, (then General Taylor's superior officer,) in his despatch, as "one of the best fought actions known to our history," ought to detain us from the review of the far more important conflicts of the Mexican war, in which the great qualities of Taylor were so signally and so suddenly made manifest to the Union. In the determined spirit, however, with which he set out upon a march of one hundred and fifty miles, disregarding all the impediments of a country impassable to artillery, and in action to cavalry, resolved to storm the savages out of their swamps and hammocks, he exhibited the same energetic will, afterwards so strikingly illustrated at Palo Alto and La Palma, as well as a system of tactics, perhaps caught in his boyish days in Kentucky, from some of those rugged hunter-heroes of the Indian wars, from whom, as tradition has it, he acquired his first lessons in the military art. There is, or used to be, a story told in the west of a certain character, a famous Indian fighter and scout, long remembered under the nickname of Captain Dudley Bulger, derived from a circumstance which we are going to mention, who used to belong to the country about Salt River, the very region in which the elder Taylor had established his family. This worthy, in his capacity of scout, accompanied General Wayne in the expedition against the Northwestern Indians in 1794; and, on the eve of the battle of the Fallen Timber, coming in with the latest report of the position of the Indian army, (strongly posted among thickets and down-fallen trees,) was admitted into the General's tent at the moment of a council of war, when Wayne, who had doubtless formed his own resolution, was about to demand the opinions of his officers. Some advised one, and some another method of attack, until all had spoken; when, Wayne, perhaps for the humor of the thing, turned suddenly, and demanded the opinion of the scout. "Why, General," replied the intrepid scout, "if you axes *me* what to do, I should say, just move ahead and *bulge* right over them!"—a sentiment highly approved by Mad Anthony, who, accordingly, charged the Indians out of their lair with bayonets; and so, to the great delight and immortal honor of his adviser, "bulged right over them."

It was the "bulging" system of tactics which Colonel Taylor chose to employ against the Seminole Indians at the Okeechobee; and this, too, in the face of obstacles greater and far more formidable than those encountered by Wayne at the Fallen Timber. The long forced march brought his command, of about eight hundred men, in view of the Seminoles, posted in great force in one of those hammocks, or island groves, rising out of deep swamps, with which Florida abounds—those Serbonian bogs amid which, three hundred years before, the chivalry of De Soto melted away, horse and man, in the vain effort to reduce the fierce ancestors of the Seminoles to the Spanish yoke. The swamp surrounding the hammock, of Okeechobee was three-quarters of a mile wide, "totally impassable," as Taylor himself says, "for horses, and nearly so for foot"—a wilderness of mud and water, and thick saw-grass, five feet high, and deep creeks and quagmires, extending "as far as the eye could reach;" and behind this desperate approach lay the savages, in the gloom of the hammock, covering and commanding every step with their rifles. Nevertheless, Colonel Taylor had made up his mind; he does not seem to have thought it necessary to call a council of war: he had marched one hundred and fifty miles to find the Indians, and he had them before him. He made his dispositions, therefore, without delay, and proceeded to execute his plan of battle, which was to "bulge right over them." Into the swamp! March—charge! First line, second line—firm and steady! Right through the torment of the tangled saw-grass; right through bayou and quagmire; right through the sudden hurricane of Indian bullets and the storm of triumphant war-whoops, answered by the splash of the death-fall, and the dying groans of men mingling their blood in the pestilent pools. Gentry down, mortally wounded; Thompson dead; Van Swearingen, Brooke, and Canter dying: nearly one hundred and forty officers and men among the killed and wounded. The charge was still pursued, the marsh was passed, and in three hours the whole force of savages, fighting with uncommon ferocity, was driven at the point of the bayonet from the stronghold—marched over—utterly routed and shattered to pieces—and the victory of Okeechobee won.

It was, under the circumstances of the Seminole war, a highly important success; of the consequences of which, in breaking the spirit of the Indians, and disposing them

sooner or later to make peace, Taylor must have been immediately conscious. Read his despatch, however, for a picture of the feelings natural to a victor on such an occasion! Well, it is, and long has been, before the people of the United States. The battle is described, the success recorded, but not one word of pride and triumph; no indulgence of a single feeling of elation: the thoughts of the victor run only on his killed and wounded—the loss of his dead, the sufferings of his bleeding followers. “Here,” says the victor, his heart full only of this melancholy theme, “I trust I may be permitted to say, that I experienced one of the most trying periods of my life; and he who could have looked on it with indifference, his nerves must have been differently organized from my own. Besides the killed, there lay one hundred and twelve wounded officers and soldiers, who had accompanied me one hundred and forty-five miles, most of the way through an unexplored wilderness, without guides, who had so gallantly beaten the enemy under my orders, in his strongest position, and who had to be conveyed back, through swamps and hammocks, from whence we set out, without any apparent means of doing so.” No: the feeling that breaks out here—the first feeling—is not that of gratified ambition, but of the tenderest humanity, to which “the nerves” of the brave old soldier are peculiarly “organized.” And it was here, among the hammocks of Florida, as in the pitched fields of Mexico, that his acts declared the sentiments which he has since proclaimed to the world in words, “that the joy and exultation of the greatest victories”—we use his own language, spoken in December last at New Orleans—“are always, after the heat and excitement of the battle, succeeded by feelings of poignant sorrow and pain; and that war, after all, is a great calamity, and his the greatest glory who can terminate it.”

Humanity is, indeed, one of the first, one of the most striking, and one of the noblest of the attributes of General Zachary Taylor.

WAR WITH MEXICO.

Few persons ever doubted that the annexation of Texas, urged as it was by Mr. Polk, in a spirit of contempt and defiance to Mexico, and with the haughtiest disregard of consequences, could fail to lead to a war with that country. The war was foreseen, if not actually desired—if not really sought and intended to be provoked, as a new element of political intrigue, and a means of popularity for the administration. At all events, the probability of such a war was manifest enough, (the whole country anticipated it;) and it was provided for, apparently, by those who wished it as a happy possibility, from which great honor and profit might be expected. The great mistake of the contrivers was in vainly supposing that the prizes of victory would fall to *their* share. They did not dream that a Fate above them, of which they were the blind instruments, was using them, their plans and their projects, to build up the reputation of a new and great spirit, before whose superior fortunes theirs should bow, like the genius of Anthony before that of Octavius. It has happened with the last as with the first of American rulers who planned the conquest of Mexico. When old Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, in 1520, projected the invasion of the empire of Montezuma, his grand desire was to procure a general to execute his will, sufficiently competent for that purpose, but not famous,—oh, no!—an obscure and modest man, and so perfectly destitute of ambition as to be willing to fight and conquer in the name and for the benefit of Velasquez merely, without any selfish aspirations of his own. The result was that Velasquez chose the humble Cortes, as the agent to win his laurels; and we know how it all ended, immortal renown for Cortes, contempt and oblivion for Velasquez.

When Mr. Polk sent Brigadier General Zachary Taylor, with the troops of the United States, to Texas, to fight his three months' war on the Rio Grande, it never entered into his calculations that the then comparatively obscure hero of Okeechobee might return from the campaign to baffle all his ingenious schemes of re-election, and even oust him from the seat of honor *he* so unworthily occupied. There is, however, a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow, and there is, certainly, not less in the unexpected uprising of a great man, modest and unambitious, to power and dignity among the chiefs of mankind. It was upon the Rio Grande, remote from his country and from succor, amid deserts, surrounded by Mexican chaparrals and Mexican armies, outnumbering, three or four to one, his own small and ill-appointed force; sent thither, in the midst of all those dangers, to perform, at the President's order, the needless bravado of planting the American flag on the banks of the long-coveted Rio del Norte, and the still more superfluous duty of protecting the Texan frontier from Mexican invasion; it was there, in the first clash of the President's war, the country suddenly became aware that it possessed in Mr.

Polk's general, a greater man than Mr. Polk, a towering spirit, with new and mighty destinies, worthy to be united with its own. There was the thunder of battle; the smoke of cannon ascended to the firmament, and with it a name—a thought—a vision of future eminence, which, in a moment, struck upon the imagination of every man in the United States.

It is not necessary that we should review the detailed history of the appearance and progress of General Taylor in Texas, at the head of the Army of Occupation, from his landing at Aransas Bay, in July, 1845, until he met the Mexicans at Palo Alto, ten months afterwards. All the circumstances of this period, described in his official correspondence, have long been before the public, which is familiar with every detail. All that we need pause to remark is, that Gen. Taylor, however destined to win renown in the approaching war, went to Texas *not* to make war—not desiring, not even expecting war to occur; but, manifestly, hoping or thinking—"the wish was father to the thought"—that there would be no war, and that the presence of his army on the new frontier would have the good effect of removing the only danger, by preventing the otherwise possible inroads of exasperated Mexicans into Texas. This appears undeniable, both from his official letters and his acts, and from nothing more clearly than his calm and just accounts of the Mexican forces and military preparations on the Rio Grande; for he always scouted the wild rumors of gathering armies, that designing men, anxious for hostilities, sent home; from his indisposition to "call for volunteers from the United States," which he did not believe would "become necessary, under any circumstances;" and from the fact, that although instructed by Mr. Bancroft, acting Secretary of War, as early as June 15, 1845, to occupy a post *on or near* the Rio Grande," he avoided doing so (Mexico having made "no declaration of war, or committed any overt act of hostilities, he did not feel at liberty," he said, "to make such a movement") until constrained by the President's orders of January 13, 1846, "to move forward with his force to the Rio Grande;" and there he selected the site opposite Matamoros, instead of the more distant Laredo, because that was the nearest place to his depot at Point Isabel, and he did not think it "entirely safe" to "separate his force further" at the time.

No: it is obvious, as from his letter of November 7, 1845, that the veteran's mind was full of kindlier thoughts than those of battle and victory—thoughts about the health and lives of his poor soldiers, if compelled upon summer marches, in that unhealthy climate, to found the posts contemplated by Government on the Rio Grande. "I cannot urge too strongly upon the Department," he says, "the necessity of occupying those posts before the warm weather shall set in. A large amount of sickness is, I fear, to be apprehended, with every precaution to be taken; but the information which I obtain leads me to believe that a summer movement would be attended with great expense of health and life."

Sent to Texas, ostensibly, and as he felt and believed, only to guard the new frontier of the republic, in the vicinity of a people whom he considered "well disposed towards our Government," no General in the world could have entertained more pacific views and wishes; none could have acted more faithfully and judiciously upon the resolution, by a purely defensive and conciliatory course, to preserve peace and avert the horrors of war. Reluctant to move, and moving only, upon the Rio Grande, when positively ordered by the American Government to do so, he went desirous of peace, but prepared for war, and ready to repel and punish any assault which his forbearance might not prevent. It was not until March 29th, 1846, while on the banks of the Rio Grande, that he was compelled to abandon his hopes, and acknowledge that the attitude of the Mexicans was "decidedly hostile." It is foreign to our present purpose to comment on the order of Government which induced, or exasperated, them to assume such an attitude; but when they threw down the gauntlet and drew the sword, the soldier of Okeechobee sighed; yet he was in a moment in his harness; and in six weeks, Palo Alto, and La Palma, and Zachary Taylor, were names for history.

PALO ALTO.

Who can forget the state of public feeling in the United States produced by intelligence of the events on the Rio Grande, between the 10th of April and the evening of the 7th of May, 1846. Between those two dates had occurred all the events, successive steps in the progress of war, between the murder of Colonel Cross in the chaparral, and the departure of General Taylor from Point Isabel, at the head of twenty-three hundred men, to cut his way to the relief of Fort Brown, through the as yet unnumbered hosts of Arista. The public mind, in fact, was on a sudden stunned and alarmed by the novel and dan-

gerous circumstances that had arisen. There was not merely war on the Rio Grande, but formidable, urgent war; and at the same moment, the garrisons at Fort Brown and Point Isabel, and the little army of Taylor, marching and counter marching to support both, seemed about to be swept away by the rolling avalanche. Arista had crossed the Rio Grande in superior numbers; the chaparrals were swarming with his troops; Fort Brown had been suffering bombardment for four days (from May 3d.); it was entirely surrounded and cut off from any communication with the American General, except such as could be effected through the intermedium of signal guns and the desperate agency of the daring Walker. Then it was that the whole public mind was filled with anxiety and boding fear. Then was felt, and bitterly accused, the wanton improvidence of Government which had sent so small a force of Americans to encounter, in that remote spot, far from reinforcements, the shock of the Mexican war it had so rashly provoked. Then, too, it was that the words of Taylor's last despatch, on leaving Point Isabel—"Should the enemy meet me, in whatever force, I shall fight him"—disclosed a hero equal to any emergency; but, at the same moment, that hero, marching with his petty twenty-three hundred men, plunged again into the Mexican desert, and was for awhile, lost to the sight of his countrymen. All was, for some days, suspense, doubt, and painful speculation. Every man had for his neighbor an anxious query about the American army and Gen. Taylor: "Had he not marched that army to inevitable destruction? Had he not been surrounded, in those thickets, by overpowering numbers, and there been crushed, cut to pieces, or compelled to seek safety in the calamity of capitulation? If he should have the good fortune to reach and shut himself up in Fort Brown, how long could he maintain himself there, waiting for reinforcements?" In short, the country was full of such speculations, and the anxiety became, if possible, still more intense, when it was suddenly put an end to by a fresh arrival from the seat of war, with the astounding account of two marvellous victories. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma! how those names sounded over the land as with a clang of clarions! Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma! and these two Mexican names were suddenly the joy and happiness of the whole American people. There was no loss, there was no dishonor; the army was not only safe, but covered with glory. The hosts of Arista had fled; Point Isabel and Fort Brown were permanently relieved; and Matamoras and all of the Mexican towns of the Rio Grande remained at the discretion and mercy of the American commander.

It was, undoubtedly, the previous anxiety and alarm which gave such unusual depth to the impression made on the national feelings by these two victories. But, intrinsically, and in every aspect, they were great events, full of a strange and most sublime interest. They settled, as it were, the whole question of the result of the Mexican war—there never was a doubt of it from that moment; and they satisfied the country and convinced Europe that the military energies of the American people had not suffered from a long peace, and from devotion to commerce and the arts of industry—that, in fact, nothing was easier or more natural than for Americans to follow the lessons of Washington, "in peace to prepare for war," and so be always in readiness for every exigency of fate. The history of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma will ever be as captivating to American minds as national hymns are, full at once of music and the associations of national glory.

Was it not the "bulging" system of tactics, which General Taylor resolved to employ even against Arista, with all his might of armed men, occupying defensive positions selected by that General himself? Nothing was ever heard of, in the history of the war, more daring than that march of Taylor, on the 8th and 9th of May, to Fort Brown, in which, to proceed at all, he was obliged to charge right upon and over the lines of Arista's army of upwards of six thousand men. It was at noon on the 8th, that Arista, in complete order of battle, posted at Palo Alto, and occupying the whole road to Fort Brown, was perhaps surprised—if not actually confounded—by the return of General Taylor, whom, four days before, in the Matamoras newspaper, some Mexican idiot—perhaps the General of the North himself—had charged "with flying in so cowardly a manner to shut himself up at the Point." There he was again, with his little army—eighteen hundred infantry against Arista's four thousand—two hundred horse against two thousand—encumbered, too, with a train of no less than three hundred wagons, carrying the supplies for Fort Brown; there he was, indeed, that "cowardly" American General, who was soon, of course, brought to a halt by the majesty and terror of the Mexican arms!

Did he intend to run away a second time? Poor foolish Mexicans! At two o'clock the Americans were in motion—retreating? No, advancing to the charge; advancing

in good order, firmly and resolutely—until it was necessary to bring the Mexican cannon into requisition to compel the fearless desperadoes to halt at seven hundred paces, and unlimber their own artillery. But why should we repeat the oft-told tale, now familiar to every boy, nay, to every girl, in the United States. All the boasts, the promises, the efforts of the Mexican chief came to naught; volleys of grape—stratagems—and charges of horse, were alike in vain; and at night-fall, the hosts of Arista retired behind the shelter of the chaparral, and the Americans slept victoriously on the field of battle. But the battle was not yet over. Mortified, but enraged, and reinforced with more troops, in number greatly exceeding his losses, Arista fell back to the strong, the *very* strong position of Resaca de la Palma, where he hoped to enjoy a great success, but, in reality, only awaited his own final and overwhelming overthrow.

RESACA DE LA PALMA.

The Americans slept on Palo Alto, on a field of victory—nine killed, and forty-nine wounded; but among these were Ringgold and Page, whose names will remain identified forever with the recollection of the Army of Occupation and the campaign on the Rio Grande. The next day, the 9th of May, dawned with the assurance of another battle. Arista, drawing together all his forces, with reinforcements from beyond the river, was entrenched in the ravine of La Palma, in the very heart of the chaparrals; whence, although, on the preceding day, the two armies had measured strength in a kind of formal duello of artillery, at which Arista had been beaten, it was manifest he could not be driven unless, in close fight, in hand to hand rencontre, at the point of sword and bayonet. And this was precisely the character of the fierce and sanguinary battle of La Palma, in which Taylor renewed the attack with only about seventeen hundred men. Cannons roared and horsemen charged, at first, as on the preceding day; but the fight was soon characterized by regiments of foot approaching closer and closer to each other—breaking into parties to thread the dense thicket—and so engaging, at last, squad to squad, man even to man, in a kind of general melee; in which the superior qualities, moral and physical, of the North American over the mongrel Mexican, soon gave the victory to the former. In no other battle in modern time were there ever so many opportunities given for the display of personal courage and gallantry; and in no other were there so many instances in which individuals, and especially privates and non-commissioned officers, distinguished themselves by exploits of chivalrous daring. In the heat and in the most critical period of the battle, it was precisely such a struggle; every bush had its combatant, every little opening in the thicket a fray of persons or of files; and for a time, so close and furious was the fight, so inextricably interwoven were the American and Mexican infantry, that both Duncan's and Ridgley's batteries became useless—they could not be pointed at any group or force of Mexicans which Americans were not charging through and through, and driving before them.

At last, however, numbers, pride, every thing on the Mexican side, yielded before the unconquerable resolution of Taylor and his little army. The spirit that dictated the remarkable despatch—remarkable as the utterance of a resolution at once so calm and so gigantic—"should the enemy meet me, in whatever force, I will fight him,"—meant the last clause to be understood as the promise, not of a fight merely, but of a victorious one. Taylor had set out to relieve Fort Brown, and meant to do it; not an American in his army but had set out in the same spirit, meaning to do the same thing. In whatever way effected, the General had infused his own determination and confidence into the hearts of all his soldiers; and hence it was that seventeen hundred men, this day, rushed at once right into, close quarters with seven thousand, driving them, pell mell, from their redoubts, their guns, their ravine, their thickets, nay, their camp itself; until the Mexican defeat was an utter rout, and Arista and his troops, chased by a handful of American horse, rather for observation than injury, to the Rio Grande, seized upon the friendly opportunity of night to place its waters as a barrier between them and their now terrible conquerors. Taylor remained again upon a field of victory—lamenting, however, the loss of thirty-nine killed, and eighty-three wounded, officers and men—of whom Lieutenants Inge, Cochrane, and Chadbourne, where the highest in rank of those slain; while Lieutenant Colonel McIntosh and Captain Hoe, of the 5th Infantry, were, both by rank and the severity of their injuries, most distinguished among the wounded.

The loss of the Mexicans was never accurately known, but was always believed to have been eight or ten times that of the Americans, who gathered nearly two hundred of their dead. But the injury to Mexico could not be counted by her killed and wounded, picked up on this fatal field. Here fell her pride, the dream of her martial merit, every thought of her ability to contend in arms with the Republic of the North. The eagle of the prickly-pear and serpent, after two severe buffets, had flown away, screaming, from the bird of the arrows and the olive-branch. The rampart of the Rio Grande was annihilated, and the republic of the silver mountains stood open and defenceless, incapable of being any thing higher than the victim of our vengeance, or any thing lower than the object of our magnanimous pity. The victory of Resaca de la Palma was, in effect, the conquest of Matamoros—of the Rio Grande—of all the country to the foot of the mountains—to Monterey; and all these mighty results, which immediately followed that great feat of arms, were magnificent trophies, won for and presented to the Republic by a General who had sought to prevent war—who was always anxious to lessen its calamities and bring it to an end—and who, even then, in the moment of his great triumph, while doing full justice to the heroism of his officers and men, who had fought so well and bravely, yet indulged in no exultation unworthy of his calm, humane, unselfish, his truly lofty character. Did these victories, which intoxicated so many Americans, and begot all those novel notions about the conquest of “all Mexico,” “inevitable destiny,” &c., produce any change whatever in General Taylor’s views or wishes? Did he ever show any increase of war-appetite? Did he not, in fact, remain till the last, the same calm, moderate, merciful spirit, who had no burning passion to go on indefinitely killing Mexicans and conquering Mexican territory, but was anxious that peace should be restored, and thought that the United States could afford to treat her—as he himself always treated her—magnanimously, with a gentle and pitiful forbearance in all things. Had his moderate spirit prevailed in the councils of the Administration, we should probably have had an earlier peace; and, we can well believe, it would not have been less honorable.

MONTEREY.

Great and meritorious as were the victories so admirably—we might almost say, so unexpectedly—won by Taylor, in the moment of national anxiety, at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the calm judgment of the intelligent citizen cannot but concede that, amid the circumstances following these exploits, oppressed by new difficulties which they brought upon him, he exhibited even higher qualities than those which had blazed out so gloriously on the field of battle. The war was no longer a calamity to be prevented; it had begun, and was to be fought; the enemy was to be followed into his own land, and compelled to peace; everything was to be thought of and resolved on, without delay, by a victor whose Government had left him without sufficient supplies, and particularly without the means of transportation. Troops were at first wanting, but they soon came pouring in, enthusiastic volunteers, in embarrassing numbers—in numbers beyond Taylor’s wants and requisitions; but as nothing else came, they only made bad worse, and increased the difficulties of his position.

But, in the midst of these difficulties, his thoughts and resolutions were equally active. Within nine days after the affair of La Palma, his flag floated over Matamoros and the whole lower right bank of the Rio Grande; and as early as the 20th of May, only twelve days after the first blow at Palo Alto, as we know from his official correspondence, he had already meditated the enterprize, the march, the very route to be pursued, against the city of Monterey. This march, in fact, against Monterey—made with insufficient transportation, and, therefore, with insufficient subsistence and ammunition; this march, which, considering the consequences that must have flowed from a repulse, timid critics would have regarded as an over daring hazardous adventure, is one of the most decided proofs of Taylor’s judgment as well as heroism. His very destitution rendered it necessary. There were food and ammunition enough in Monterey; and with young and zealous volunteers, anxious to see the foe, there was less loss to be apprehended from a hard march, and a harder fight, than from the pining inactivity of sickly camps on the Rio Grande. The autumn was coming, nay, was already at hand; there were pure waters and breezes, and mountain health, at Monterey—what difference did it make if there were tremendous fortifications and (the standing rule) Mexicans in superior numbers? The march was resolved on, pushed in every way; and, about the

same period, almost the same day, when Santa Anna was "passed" into Vera Cruz, to raise and head that army which was to meet Taylor at Buena Vista, the latter advanced the first division of his army from Camargo to Cerralvo, on the expedition against Monterey. It was on the 15th September that Santa Anna arrived at the Capital, and, in proud array, amid roaring festivities and the clamor of Mexican oaths of patriotism, swore to drive the "perfidious Yankees," the "barbarians of the North," from the sacred soil of the "magnanimous" republic. Four days later, on the 19th, the Mexican cannon at Monterey was playing upon Gen. Taylor, as with a little reconnoitering party, he rode up to inspect for himself the formidable defences of citadel, redoubts, fortified heights, and stone houses with parapets, each a Moorish fortification, or a part of one great Moorish fortification, embracing the whole city, which it was now necessary he should carry by storm, and that, too, within a few days, to prevent the effects of an entire want of all the necessities of war and of life in his own army.

And so he carried it. What need of repeating the details of this glorious siege, of which every particular has become a part of the recollections of every American mind—the chivalrous exploits of Worth's division, on the west, carrying the armed heights, and hemming in the Mexicans in the rear, and the bloody assaults upon the town itself, on the east, made under the orders of Taylor himself. On the second day the weak man had the strong man at his mercy—six thousand American regulars and volunteers had wrapped in a girdle of bayonets and grape shot, a Mexican city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, defended by a garrison of ten thousand soldiers; and on that second day the city threw up its hands for quarters, and the ten thousand Mexican soldiers hoisted a flag of truce, and capitulated. This was the third glory of Taylor in this war. How this nation exulted! It was only the newborn malice of political jealousy—for on a sudden the wondrous popularity acquired by Taylor, as if by magic, and the presentation of his name as a candidate for the high office of President by vast numbers of citizens, and in particular by the entire Whig party, had rendered him an object of terror to the scheming Administration which had made the war; it was only the strangely unnatural and ungrateful hatred of Locofocoism which strove, for a moment, to censure that capitulation, and to reprehend, nay, if possible, to crush, the brave old victor for the sin of not having finally captured or exterminated the whole garrison, and put, perhaps, the whole wretched population of Monterey to the sword.

Who forgets the attempt made so shamelessly by Locofoco adherents of the Executive in Congress to nullify the vote of thanks to General Taylor for that immense success of Monterey, by a proviso censuring the capitulation granted by him to the Mexicans—in other words, to affix upon him the stigma of having failed in the performance of his whole duty as an American commander in battle against the enemy? The attempt only recoiled with injury upon its authors. The first reflection convinced every right-minded American that the capitulation of Monterey was, in itself, the greatest of General Taylor's acts, and that one of them all which was by far the most honorable to his country; and in a moment the sentiment of generous pride in, and lofty appreciation of, the true merit of the Monterey capitulation became universal, which in the memorable, Senate debate on that subject, had been proclaimed by Mr. Clayton in tones which went to every heart in the Republic.

"I say, therefore," (said Mr. Clayton) "that from the bottom of my soul I thank the brave, generous, and merciful Commander of the American troops. I thank him not only for his gallantry and skill, his conduct and bravery, but eminently and above all other considerations, as an American Senator, I thank him for his humanity! I honor him because he thought of, and spared, feeble and unoffending woman in that hour of her utmost peril. I honor him because he spared tottering age and helpless infancy; and I glory that an American general has shown himself thus alive to the best feelings of the human heart."

No, from the moment of that debate, it has been felt that the laurels of Monterey are all the more glorious, and will be so regarded forever, because they associate, *not* the horrid brutalities of a city taken by sack, but recollections of a generous humanity worthy to be prized as the noblest attribute of the American character. The victor of Monterey, the hero of that capitulation, is a true representative of the people, who admire and love him the more for that reason.

BUENA VISTA.

In the last and greatest act of his military life, fortune seemed resolved to prove, in the most unanswerable manner, how much of General Taylor's fame was due to himself, to his wonderful resolution of character, and his power of infusing his own courage into the hearts of the men under his command, even when undisciplined volunteers, who had never seen a foe.

The fine army—the veterans of Monterey, were gone—drawn away to open a new path of glory on the route between Vera Cruz and Mexico, which Taylor himself had indicated as the only suitable one on which to attack Mexico with effect; and, when shorn of his strength but not his valor, and strong in judgment, he had gone to watch the designs of the enemy at the farthest outpost of Agua Nueva, rather than shut himself up within the citadelled safety of Monterey, he had, as the world has long known, but 4,073 men—of whom only about one-tenth were regulars—artillery and horse—not a single company of infantry—to meet the 21,340 men, composing the Mexican army. These, well armed and equipped, Santa Anna had provided at San Luis Potosi, ready for a sudden swoop upon, and, what he deemed, an assured victory over, an illustrious victim, provided to his hand (wonderful coincidence of folly! for we do not, of course, impute it to a designed guilt) by the same unfortunate administration which had so foolishly sent himself to Mexico, to re-animate and re-organize his defeated countrymen.

There, then, lay, with his feeble force, the deserted hero, in that solitary post among the Mexican mountains, entirely beyond the reach of relief or of any hope out of his own camp—or heart; many a weary mile in advance of Monterey—many a league from the line of the Rio Grande; but calm and constant, as if at the head of the proudest army on the frontiers of his own country; expecting the attack, which he had already provided for, even to the field of battle, on which he was resolved to bring Santa Anna to a stand, and to beat him. We say, to “beat him;” for, incredible though it may seem, all the circumstances prove that General Taylor knowing, for he was perfectly aware of, Santa Anna's immensely superior forces—five to one—never once had the slightest doubt that he should repulse and vanquish him. The selection of a field of conflict at the narrow pass of Buena Vista,—a kind of Thermopylae for the Americans,—where a small army might best oppose a large one, and the continued refusal to fall back behind the Sierra Madre, showed this plainly enough, which never, however, was declared in boastful words or promises; though it once broke out in a hasty expression, significant of all the General's thoughts, when an officer one day—as the anecdote has it—ventured, rather freely, to ask what he thought would be the result of General Santa Anna's making a sudden march upon them from San Luis; to which Taylor quickly replied, that the result would be—his making “a sudden march back again.” And so it happened!

It was on the 21st of February, 1847, that Taylor, apprised by his scouts of the approaching host, fell back, in good order, to his intended battle-field; where the “magnanimous” *Benemerito* (or well-deserving) of Mexico, on the next day, informed him that he was “surrounded by 20,000 men,” and proposed to allow him the humane privilege of surrendering at discretion. Here General Taylor was guilty of the rudeness of affecting to consider Santa Anna's summons as a *request*, (as not deeming that a Mexican General would dare make any *demands* on him,) and the further incivility of “declining to accede to it.” The captain of four thousand men to reply in that way to the commander of twenty thousand! But it was on the 22d of February,—the birthday of Washington,—the second national holiday of American freedom. On such a day, indeed, Gen. Taylor might laugh Santa Anna and his summons to scorn; on such a day, young Crittenden, in the midst of the Mexican host, might proudly declare—“General Taylor never surrenders.”

Who does not remember the first accounts that reached the United States of the results of Santa Anna's attack—Mexican accounts, fabulous, bewildering, but fearfully exciting, which represented Taylor as retreating before the immense hosts of Santa Anna, fighting his way back to Monterey, there to turn, like a lion at bay, upon his pursuer, charging into the midst of his legions, and covering the earth with the slain. Well, he was surrounded, but he never fled; the lion was at bay, but it was the favorite lair of Buena Vista; and it was there that the multitude of Mexicans fell, lying side by side with heaps of American volunteers.

The day gone—the night closing around the mountain peaks and deep gorges, and that puny army not yet driven from its lines! Yet a second day dawned, and the conflict

was resumed as obstinately, as furiously, as destructively as ever. Then came a second night; and the brave old General and his brave young troops—so raw and yet so courageous—flung themselves down exhausted, upon the bloody earth, beside their cannons, to snatch a short, uneasy slumber, and then up once more for a third day of battle. The third day was soon there—but where were the Mexicans? Vanquished—routed—utterly fled—their dead and wounded left, like the whole exposed rear of their army—to the humanity of the General who had been so short a time before recommended to surrender at discretion!

Where, in modern times, was there such a battle? where such a victory? No wonder, when the news of this great field reached the country, a field at once so romantic and so heroic,—so exciting and so saddening, for, oh, the dead of those two days, whose blood brought us this glory!—that the fame of Monterey was eclipsed by the greater splendors of Buena Vista, and that Zachary Taylor was enshrined in the very hearts of his countrymen; and no wonder that the purpose of those hearts was confirmed, to call his great qualities into a new field of civil action, in which it was felt that precisely such qualities were wanted. Integrity and honor—a spotless life and rigid code of moral principles; simplicity, frankness, kindness of heart; moderation of views and feelings, prudence, excellent good sense and judgment: add to these, invincible constancy of purpose and a bravery always so calm and reflective—and we assuredly have presented to us many of those noble traits which went to compose the solid character of Washington, and fitted *him* to shine so well—so equally well—in the camp and the cabinet.

It is from the strongly marked analogies of character that the people of the United States have formed their opinions of the fitness of General Taylor for the office of President of the United States; to which, if we can believe the signs of the times, they have manifestly made up their minds to elect him.

THE POPULAR APPRECIATION OF HIS CHARACTER.

In an eloquent sketch of the life of the Father of his Country, contained in a volume entitled "Washington and the Generals of the Revolution," may be found the following remark, which will strike the reader as one full of profound interest:

"It is a truth, illustrated in daily experience, and yet rarely noticed or acted upon, that, in all that concerns the appreciation of personal character or ability, the instinctive impressions of a community are quicker in their action, more profoundly appreciative, and more reliable, than the intellectual perceptions of the ablest men in the community. Upon all those subjects that are of moral apprehension, society seems to possess an intelligence of its own, infinitely sensitive in its delicacy, and almost conclusive in the certainty of its determinations; indirect and unconscious in its operation, yet unshunnable in sagacity, and as strong and confident as nature itself. The highest and the finest qualities of human judgment seem to be in commission among the nation, or the race. It is by such a process that, whenever a true hero appears among mankind, the recognition of his character, by the general sense of humanity, is instant and certain: the belief of the chief priests and rulers of mind follows later, or comes not at all. The perceptions of a public are as subtly-sighted as its passions are blind. It sees, and feels, and knows the excellence, which it can neither understand, nor explain nor vindicate."

This principle of the instinctive faculty of a people to detect greatness even in the germ, the writer applies with force to the case of Washington,—to his immediate acceptance by the nation-builders of '76, and the uninterrupted command over their entire confidence, which he enjoyed to the last.

"From the first moment of his appearance as a chief," says the writer, "the recognition of him, from one end of the country to the other, as *THE MAN*—the leader, the counsellor, the infallible, in suggestion and in conduct—was immediate and universal. From that moment to the close of the scene, the national confidence in his capacity was as spontaneous, as enthusiastic, as immovable, as it was in his integrity. Particular persons, affected by the untoward course of events; sometimes questioned his sufficiency; but the nation never questioned it, nor would allow it to be questioned."

To our own feelings there is something repulsive, as if bordering at once on adulation and irreverence, in instituting a complimentary comparison between the Father of his Country and any living man—between him who, in the world of departed spirits, stands on that glorious pinnacle of immortal fame, above the Cæsars and Napoleons of the earth, and the best and purest creature that can walk its surface, aspiring to similar ex-

cellence and equal acceptance hereafter. We do not therefore, mean to attempt any parallel between the character of Zachary Taylor and that of George Washington. But we may declare, and our readers will feel, that the history of the former, during the last two years, and his present position as the foremost man of this Republic, bring him within the rule which measures the greatness of Washington, and testify to those uncommon qualities of Taylor which were detected, as by instinct, in a moment, without any suggestion or instruction, by the whole American people. From the hour when the news of Palo Alto flew over the land, General Taylor was accepted by the popular feeling as a great man, fit and worthy to occupy the highest place of public trust; and from that hour to the present the popular feeling has never altered.

Perhaps the writer we have quoted finds something too wonderful or supernatural in the popular instinct alluded to; and he is still more mistaken in supposing that the faculty is one not shared in by "the ablest men in the community," the "chief priests and rulers of mind," as well as by the masses of the community. The Henrys and Adamases were among the first to detect the gigantic capacities of Washington; and there were Claytons and Crittendens and others among the chief men of the United States, to rise up, like seers, and declare the true character of the new-found hero of the Rio Grande, and express to him the first salutations of the American people. Why, indeed, should not all natures act alike, in such cases? The instinct is not a blind one. It is not, properly, a mere inexplicable intuition or inspiration: it is an act—an inconceivably rapid and energetic one—but still an act, and nothing more than an act, of the mind—an operation of the reason, a verdict of the judgment, in which every man's intellect, drawing direct inferences from simple facts, dwells over the same thoughts and ends in the same conclusions. The popular opinion, in this case, seldom changes, because it is seldom erroneous.

The people of the United States formed their immediate estimate of General Taylor's greatness by those qualities, already so often alluded to by us in these pages, which burst out upon the American world at Palo Alto, just as they actually glared out before—though then unnoticed—in the humble siege of Fort Harrison. The Indian block-house—where a few sick soldiers and settlers defended their lives against Indians, was an inconsiderable object to a public mind just stunned by the overwhelming humiliation of Hull's defeat, only to be relieved by the glorious retaliation of the capture of the *Guerriere*. Palo Alto, on the contrary, was the stage of a new theatre of war, upon which the whole community was gazing with doubt and fear, lest the rising of the curtain should disclose a scene of calamity. It rose upon an exhibition of chivalry and glory, that seemed almost a phantasma of magic, it was so strange and splendid; and there, most prominent upon the scene, the observed of all observers, was the brave old enchanter who had created the picture, even as with a call of his voice, a flash of his eye, or a wave of his knightly steel. The battle of Palo Alto revealed enough of the character of General Taylor to satisfy the whole American mind, thenceforward and for ever, that he was a great man—great in all those republican characteristics, those virtues, at once homely and lofty, unpretending yet impressive, natural yet heroic, which, experience teaches us, go to form the truest pattern of an American citizen, and the best model of a safe and patriotic public officer. Two years' acquaintance with him has only proved the truth and reliability of the prepossession.

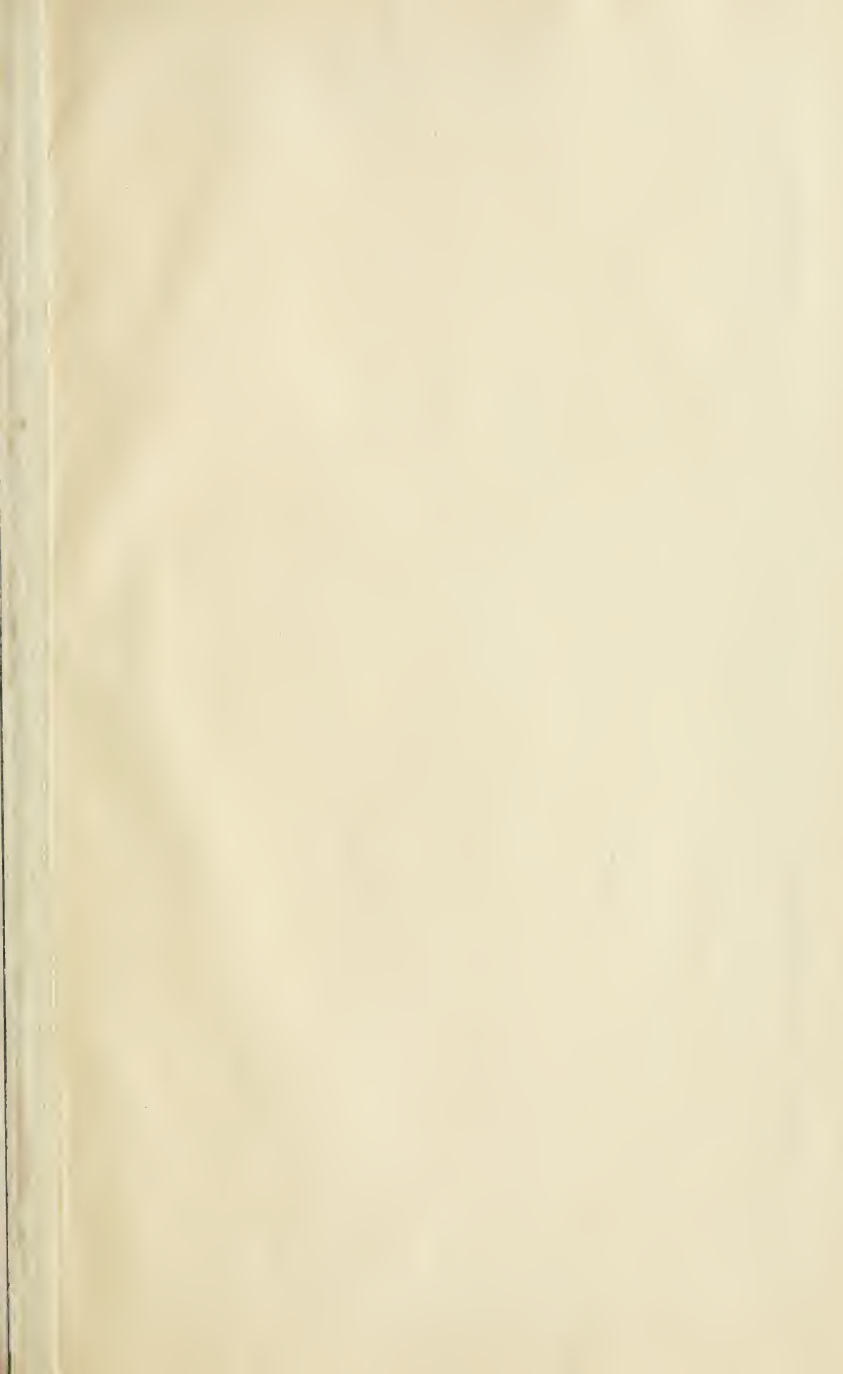
Modest, unambitious;—moderate in all his views, thoughts, feelings;—of a pure life and exemplary habits;—calm and courageous, yet prudent, uniting the utmost caution with the greatest firmness and most daring resolution;—a soldier, yet in feeling and reason opposed to offensive war, and declaring "*his* to be the greatest glory" who can bring it to a close;—most humane, merciful, and magnanimous in his disposition; of such perfect integrity that he has never been suspected of a wrong act, of such excellent judgment and good sense that he has never been charged with a foolish one; perfectly frank, unaffected, unassuming,—disposed to think less highly of his own qualifications for administrative life than of those of the eminent statesmen he has so often recommended as his choice, and rather inclined, generally, to doubt the fitness of military men for important civil employment; a man who has never changed with circumstances,—who has been the same, ever, upon slight and upon great occasions, and always equal to every emergency: there is every thing in the character of such a man to warrant the conclusions of the popular "instinct" as to his greatness, as well to encourage the belief of his more than common fitness for that high office of the Presidency which he has shown so little eagerness to attain, but which so vast a portion of the American people are now most anxious that he should fill.

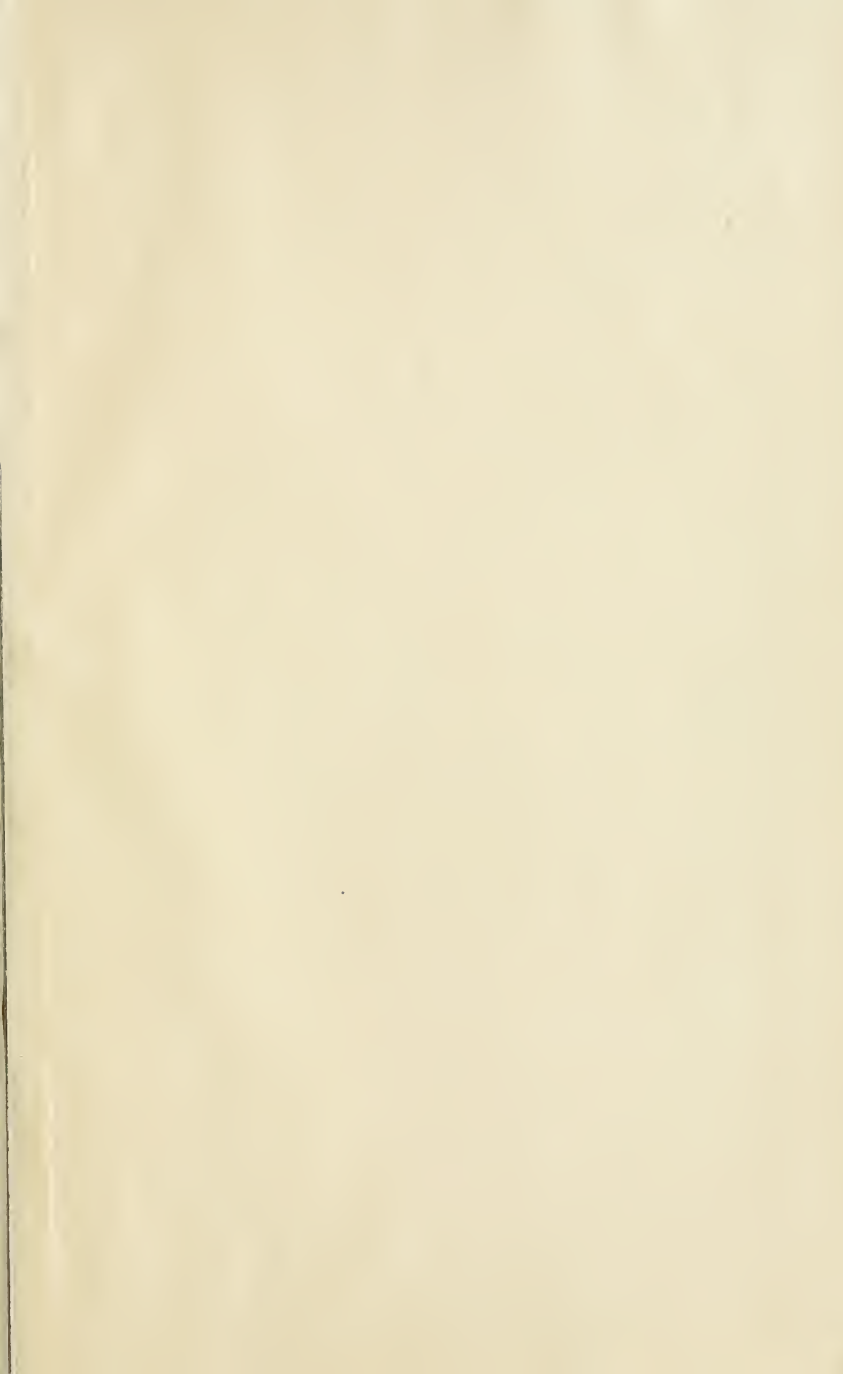
But the office of the President of a free people demands, necessarily, political, as well

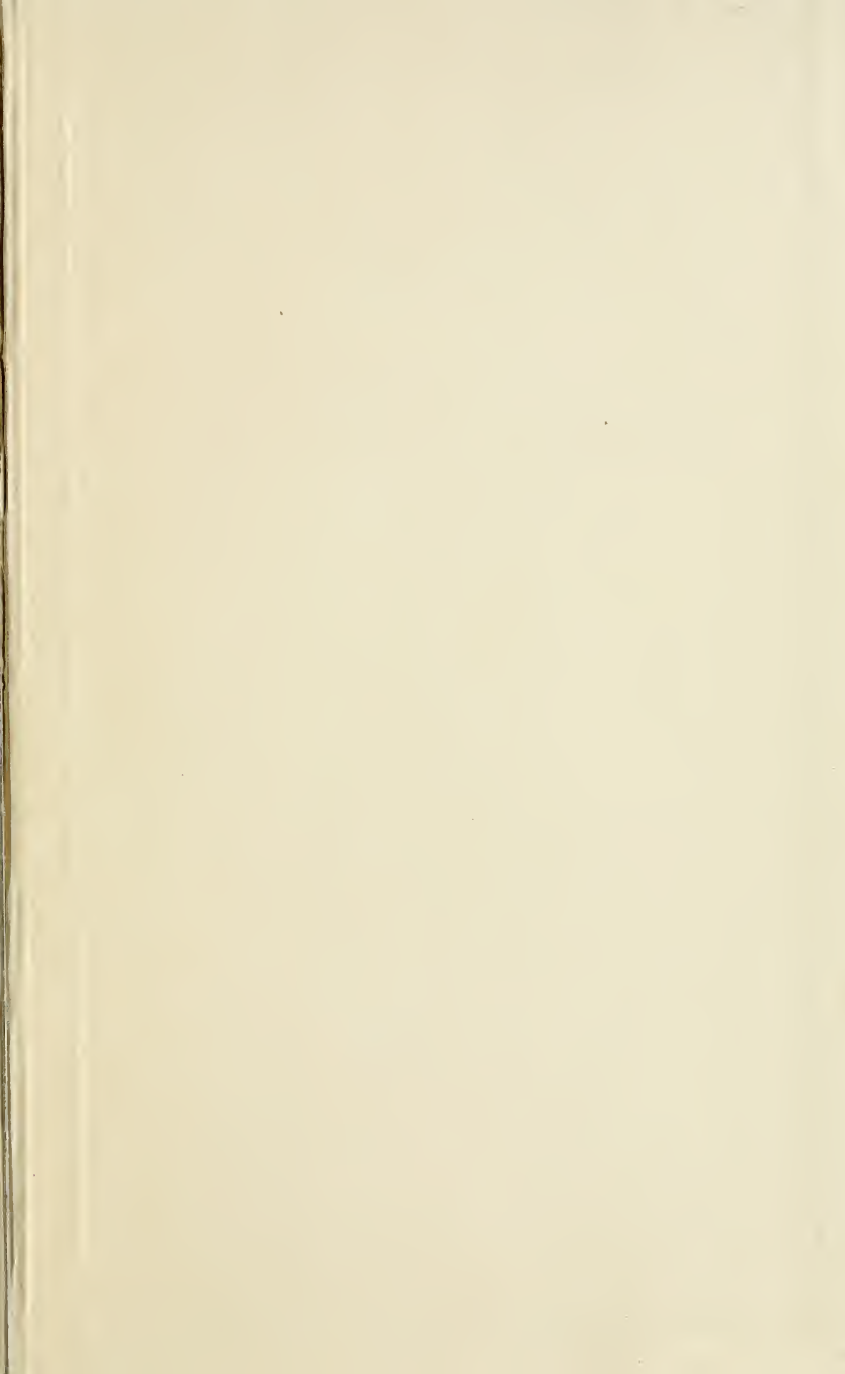
as intellectual and moral, qualifications; and here General Taylor's party foes think they discover incompetency in that very moderation of views which has commended—and deserved to commend—him the more strongly to the confidence of the country. "I am a Whig—but not an *ultra* Whig," has ever been his fixed and honest declaration—a declaration perfectly well understood by all persons, of whatever party, to define a man of conservative feelings, approving, personally, of the great principles of public policy known to all as the Whig system: but—and here his second declaration on the subject of the Veto power explains all that might be supposed mysterious in regard to the meaning of the word "*ultra*"—not disposed nor willing, under any circumstances, to compel that system, against their wishes, upon a majority of the people of the United States, as expressed by a majority of their Representatives in Congress. Gen. Taylor avows—and that is one of the oldest and most conservative of Whig doctrines—that a President of the United States ought not to employ the veto power to prevent or nullify the acts of Congress, except in clear cases of unconstitutional or inconsiderate legislation.

In his brief and simple declaration of political faith, General Taylor has declared himself a Whig and Republican; a true Democrat, who expects—should the people elect him their Chief Magistrate—not to *rule* the Republic, but to execute its laws; not to domineer over Congress, the law-making power, but to carry its acts into effect; to be the faithful servant, not the master, of this great nation; the friend, not the betrayer, of liberty; to be no mere great man of office, no haughty monarch, vain, proud, egotistic, and tyrannical, but the frank, unaffected, worthy, honest, plain citizen, who can perform his duties in the chair of President calmly, conscientiously, rightfully, in the same character and way in which he performed them at Buena Vista. There is no mystery in the Presidential duties beyond the performance and understanding of every practical honest man in the Republic. Demagogues may refine, and abstractionists split hairs about it; but every intelligent citizen can understand every line in the Constitution of the United States, as well as every law of Congress requiring to be executed by the President. The great qualifications required for President are precisely those which General Taylor so manifestly and so pre-eminently possesses.

It is between him and General Lewis Cass that the American people are now to choose their Chief Magistrate. We do not wish to indulge in any injurious description of the latter gentleman. He has been long before the public, which is well acquainted with his life and character, and all his qualifications—or want of qualifications—for an office in which such sentiments as he has avowed, while a Senator, would soon bring upon the country the horrors of war, which the soldier of Buena Vista has proclaimed himself always anxious to avert. We leave General Cass, as we leave General Taylor, to the good sense and the good feeling of the people of the United States. As between two such competitors—and one or other of them must be President—we do not think the people will have much difficulty in making the proper selection.







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